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California Girl
THIS MONTH'S CALIFORNIA CO-ED:
Pam Kirk
THE CHINESE CAT:
J. R. Cannon's tale of Oriental intrigue
COLOSSAL IN RHODES:
A revealing pictorial of three California girls abroad
Marie Harlow shows us the beauty of the desert
Brook Benton, an Iowa transplant, is The California Girl

California Girl

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MARIE HARLOW

Our lovely nature lover enjoys romping through the wide open spaces and the cluttered debris of society's "uptight morals"

Born in Rochester, New York, Marie Harlow grew up in the shadow of the Eastman Kodak Company. "I saw then what a large company like that could do to the environment," she recalls, "and I've been a nature and ecology freak ever since."

Fortunately for our shapely miss, Marie's parents moved to Southern California when Marie was nine years old. Marie says she loves the varied activities afforded by the state's mountains, sea coast, and desert—especially the latter.

"Of course, I love the beauty of the mountains and the ocean, but there's something so peaceful and serene about the desert. It's like you're the only one in the world that exists," she says.

"I'm like a little girl there. I like to run around and then stop and bury my toes in the sand."

Marie, who says she is no relation to movie star Jean Harlow ("I must have been asked that question thousand times"), also enjoys studying the desert's flora and fauna.

"I took a botany class in college once and from that I got interested in plants and how they survive," relates the twenty-year-old sun worshiper. "All plants adapt in some way or another to their surroundings. Did you know that the needles on a cactus are actually leaves? The cactus has adapted in this way to the desert's dry, harsh environment.

"The same is also true of the animals, especially the lizard, which has developed a thick hide to withstand the heat of the desert."

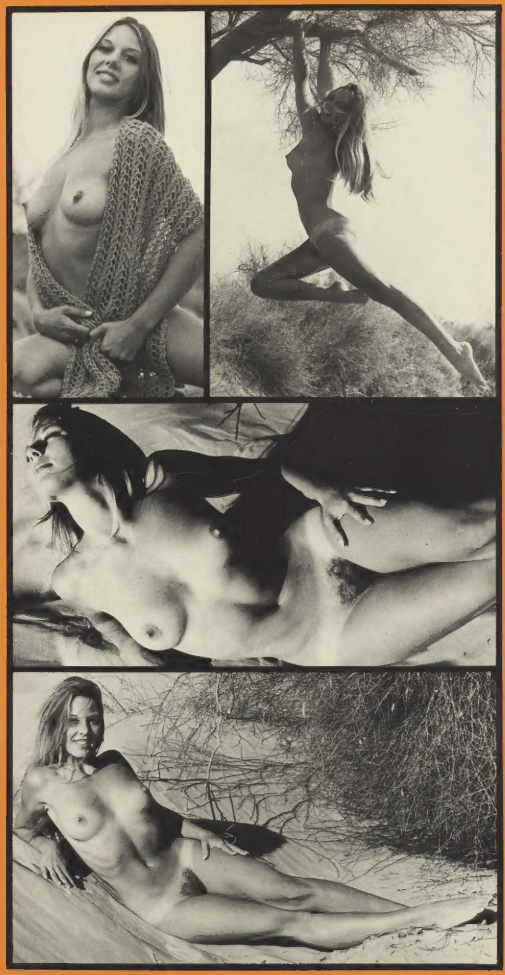
But Marie confesses that she romps in the desert for another reason. In keeping with her carefree view of life, our lithe lass eschews the "uptight morals of our society" on the subject of nudity.

Says Marie: "I'm not one of those who advocates total nudity at all times. But I do believe that the majority's views on nudity and sex should not be pushed onto the minority. If I want to walk around nude in my home or work in a nude nightclub or join a nudist colony, it shouldn't be regarded as a shameful or obscene thing.

"I think all individuals in a society should respect society's guidelines when those individuals are in the public domain. But when individuals are in the private domain, they should be allowed to do as they wish."

So what's in the future for our bewitching iconoclast?

Marie shrugs her shoulders and gives us a long look. "Right now," she says, "I'm taking it one day at a time. But I like modeling and I'll probably stick with that for a while."



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The new kid will love you for it. She's so idle now even the boss is getting ideas. He mutters about the place becoming a devil's workshop. And he's working on some new excuses to launch himself against our subscription girl's barricade.

By now you will have noticed that the new addition to our staff is Brook Benton, who is also our feature girl this month. We needed the extra help, and after seeing her photo layout we made the offer. The old-fashioned one. Seems she'd been catching too many colds lately, so Brook is now with us to handle your subscription. Give the girl a break.

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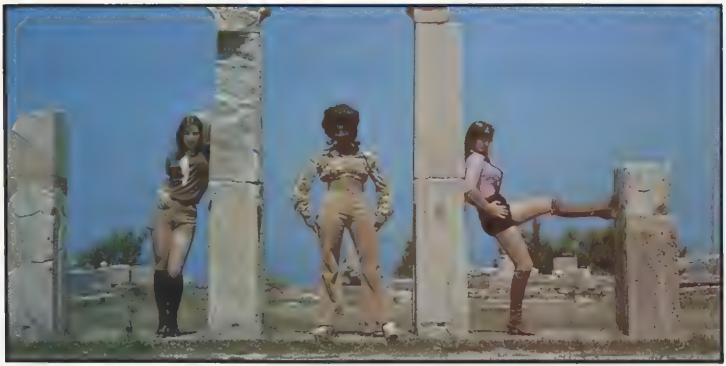
COLOSSAL IN RHODES



Three California Girls travel to the Greek island of Rhodes to view history's grandeur —and to be viewed by appreciative islanders

BY DANTE STAPHANOS

The glory that was Greece unfolds once more, reborn on Rhodes in a celebration of graceful human forms in the persons of three svelte California girls who are mixing relaxation and research for three college history credits: a paper they'll do on a comparison of the resort island as it was in ancient times and as it exists today.

One thing is sure. The sight of those bountifully built American beauties swimming in the classic altogether would have brought *The Colossus of Rhodes, Seventh Wonder of the World*, to his knees in the harbor.

But then that's one of the contrasts between then and now. The Colossus no longer exists, and the tribute of the Cyclades Islands was paid the girls in the more modern form of eagerly grinning Greeks in hot pursuit with 35mm cameras.

Though Rhodes was occupied for centuries by the Turks (many of whom still live in harmony there) and later by Italians, the good food to be had in the many restaurants is authentically Greek.

Angela, Kikki, and Gail agreed that dining was an adventure, as was their first few glasses of Ouzo, which soon had them in a typically Greek mood, flushed and laughing with *joie de vivre*.

Like its beaches and restaurants, Rhodes also has many first-rate hotels so the traveler is assured pleasant accommodations as he takes quiet strolls with silent specters from the long-past Byzantine empire.

Rhodes was once a powerful fortress-city, repelling the attacks of Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople.

And now Kikki Rome, Gail Day, and Angela Pascale were here to trod the paths of Roman legions to bring together the colorful past and their own full-blossomed youth.

But before any of the academics proved too pressing, the girls decided to get their early prospective of Rhodes from the sensual vantage point of the warm Aegean Sea.

Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love, rose naked from the sea. Though originally an orgiastic oriental, her cult, if not her conduct, improved in conformity with Greek moral code.

Following Aphrodite's example of divine form and divine fun, our trio of California co-eds spent much of their time in and around the matchless beaches so abundant.

Lending American beauty to Greek grandeur, the girls were pursued by more than one stupefied Greek with a camera. "We didn't mind, really," Kikki ventured. "Whenever we got tired of it we just got dressed and cooled it for a while."

As is apparent in the following pages, our made-in-the-U.S. goddesses explored and frolicked in waters where so many ancient armies waded ashore to fight their way forever through the pages of history.

In ancient times it was said that Aphrodite was extremely fickle and capricious. But worst of all, she hardly ever lent her magic girdle, which made its wearer irresistible. We think our readers will agree with us that such a magic trick applied to Kikki, Gail, and Angela would only be gilding the lily.

Between swims in the various harbors and beaches, the girls were fascinated by the remains of Greek columns from the island's defenses of yesteryear.

The main harbor, which ships pass through upon entering Rhodes, is part of the fortifications once erected by defending knights. This, along with the fortress battlements and the walled town of old Rhodes, make up the defense that confounded Suleiman the Magnificent in the sixteenth century.

Our decorative trio had taken many story-telling photographs to accompany their notes as their brief love affair with Rhodes drew to a close. And even if voices of antiquity are not the main concern of many of our readers, we think they may conduct their own brief love affair as they peruse these pages.

The CHINESE CAT

by J. R. Cannon

I don't like Chinese food. Frankly, I left the house that evening because I was having a fight with my wife and I knew if I stayed I was going to punch her in the mouth. I hadn't punched anyone's mouth in anger in longer than I could remember, and it didn't seem like such a good idea to pursue the urge.

I went out into the street and hailed the first cab I saw. The driver already had a fare but I guess he got the okay from his passenger because he pulled over for me and I jumped in. The guy was going to Chinatown and I said that was swell because that was where I was going too. To have dinner. Actually, I gag on the best thing they've got on the menu, but I knew it was better than committing assault and battery against my wife. Chinatown was fine, I said.

How the hell can you figure the things that can happen to you? I never could.

I was still trying to calm down when I walked into the first restaurant I saw. I sat down and ordered chicken liver chow mein. Like an idiot.

When it came, I felt my stomach lurch at the smell. I got up and went to the bar, where a wizened old guy took about a half hour to make a couple of drinks. One for me and one for an oriental girl who sat in the shadows.

I was working on my third double and starting to dream when I felt an almost pleasant, warm flowing against my ankle. I looked down and saw a striking chocolate-colored cat. It was a stunning Burmese, but too big for show quality. Perhaps two-thirds the size of a bobcat. But that image was dispelled when it turned its phantom-blue eyes on me and yowled plaintively.

Ho Chi Minh behind the bar grinned. "Chinese Cat," he said.

"Burmese," I corrected.

The girl in the shadows finally spoke. "He's mine," she said, "and he's a Chinese cat." She stood up and came toward the cat and myself, into the light. I'm not a boy and I don't act like one, but I trembled when I saw her fully. Most men never even fantasize the way she looked.

"Are you a cat fancier?" she asked, lifting the fluid animal like a fur wrap.

"Not me," I said, trying not to stare. "My wife. Her Himalayan took Best of the Show in San Francisco last week. We get into town for the shows. Or sometimes for Chinese food. Like tonight." And then she was smiling at me and I was staring and I knew it and I just kept on staring.

"You like Chinese food?" she asked, and she licked her lips and I knew she wasn't fooling. I felt the skin of my whole body tingle with heat and felt the sweat pop under my arms. I didn't know why this unreal, wet dream of a girl was paying the slightest attention to me. I had the flickering thought that it was probably for some reason I wasn't going to care too much for later, but that I didn't give a damn right then and so I let the thought fade more quickly than it had come. I also knew that right then I would have given up a lifetime of happy hearths and homes for one night of hot, rushing excitement with this girl. That was what I wanted right then and I meant to have it if I were given the slightest chance.

"Anyway, you're right," she smiled again. "He is a Burmese. I just call him Chinese Cat for ethnically chauvinistic reasons. And besides, that's what I named him. Chinese Cat."

I was still staring, so I tried to say something. It didn't come out sounding very bright. "I think he's too big for show," I said.

The girl smiled again, and her teeth shone against the pitch-black hair and tawny skin. "I know," she said graciously, "but I always take him to the shows anyway. He's friendly and everybody loves him, even though he's too big."

She glanced behind her then, quickly, and I thought I saw her face collapse into a dark, frightened look. The supernatural blue eyes of the big cat glared balefully at me over his mistress' shoulder, and I couldn't see past him, couldn't look into the face I knew was fixed fearfully on the front door.

Then suddenly she turned back and was bubbling sexily again. "Here," she said, thrusting the monster to me and leaning her own silky expanse of partly exposed breasts into my grasp at the same time. I clutched automatically, expecting a panicky squirming from the Burmese. Instead it crumpled its weight contentedly in my arms and purred like a motor boat. My frantic clutching for an excited instant filled my grip with the scented, resilient softness of the girl's breasts. We remained like that for one more agonizing instant, and then she smilingly shifted from my grasp. I suppose I looked as weak as I felt just then. "Please hold Chinese Cat for a moment," was all she said to me. "I have to powder my nose. But I'll see you soon."

Then she was gone and I found myself trying to finish my drink by reaching around the bulk in my lap, who periodically turned his baleful eyes on me and cranked out a guttural yowl that startled passing customers. The girl had disturbed me in more ways than one. I was sure there was more to her flirting with me than my natural magnetism accounted for. I was crazy to fill my arms with her and to forget I ever had another address. But I was also worried. The skin on the cat's back crawled and rippled once, and I could feel mine doing the same thing. And then I heard the rapid tapping of high heels on concrete coming from the outside, through the open front door. I looked up, sure for some reason that it was the girl, and yet I couldn't see anything. I felt foolish, and I could hardly spring from my seat to sprint down the block carrying the world's biggest Burmese.

I ordered another drink and hoped I was wrong. She hardly would have gone off and left her cherished pet with me, I thought. I hoped.

By eleven o'clock the girl had not returned. I was unconcerned by then, but I was also a little drunk. I asked the bartender if he might know anything about the lady who left the cat with me. He walked over to the stool where she had perched and returned with a light, leather leash. Shrugging with practiced inscrutability, he presented me with the leash. The stale air was doing neither the cat nor myself any good. I hooked up to its collar and we strolled into the cool, damp night.

We walked, the cat and I. No cares. Me drunk, him knowing the world owed him a living. He seemed familiar with the street, friendly with each shop. Small grocery stores, more restaurants, small darkened doors that had *Import & Export* painted on their dusty glass panes. It occurred to me that if I couldn't find the girl, in a bar or strolling, I'd have to take the cat home with me. I was drunk enough that the thought left me unconcerned. I rounded a dark corner, laughing at the idea of the disturbance that Chinese Cat would cause if I had to take him home. Somebody hit me in the head then, good.

I woke up on a cot in a dark warehouse that reeked of dust and moisture, mildew. I didn't move as my eyes opened slowly. I heard some men talking softly and didn't try to turn my head but concentrated on the

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DEBBIE

Although the Long Beach area is well known for its oil wells and a berth for the Queen Mary, it is a region beset with chic-looking California girls. Debbie Thompson, an auburn-haired, eighteen-year-old Long Beach resident for the past ten years, typifies the kind of gal that roams the Southern California area.

"I've been living in the Long Beach area for a long time," Debbie says. "And every day is like a new day for me. In the summer I'm a beach bum and in the winter, well, I'm still a beach bum."

Debbie's only exaggerating when she says that she's just a beach bum. There's too much vibrancy and impetuousness in this delightful girl to keep her tied down to one particular activity. She's planning a career as a stewardess and she wants to work her way around the world.

"Naturally I'll maintain California as my home base, because I could never really leave the good old sunshine and fun at the beaches. But I've got an itch to travel—and when I itch, I scratch."

To say that Debbie's a well-rounded girl is obvious. She's a curvaceous 34-24-35, but what makes her even more well-rounded is her outside interests and hobbies.

"I really dig music," Debbie says. "Besides being a piano teacher part-time, I'm a full-time listener to any kind of music—rock, western, or classical."

And when Debbie's not perched by the hi-fi, she's usually composing a song.

A movie buff, an avid reader, an admirer of bikinis are ordinary characteristics for ordinary girls. Collecting butterflies and letting them loose, eating peanut butter with pizza, and loving to babysit her baby brother make Debbie extraordinary. "I collect butterflies because they're free," Debbie says. "And I like peanut butter with pizza because if you tried it, you'd like it. And my baby brother is probably the best baby brother that any sister would want."

Being an unusual but very interesting girl, Debbie doesn't look for anything unusual in the boys that she dates. "As long as they like girls. That's all I look for in a guy who I go out with."

Debbie's parents consider her an inquisitive girl, her girl friends consider her a cheerful companion, and her beaus consider Debbie a fun-time date. Inquisitive, cheerful, and fun—assets personified by one of the prettiest California Girls.

"People are always complimenting me," Debbie says. "And it's really funny, but I don't think I'm the type of person who needs to have a lot of compliments. I think I need to have more criticism. How else can I improve my personality or any flaws that I have?"

The fact is, Debbie, your parents and your friends are very sincere in what they say about you. Otherwise, we wouldn't have accepted you as a California Girl.

BROOK
BENTON

BROOK

Iowa is rolling hills, fields of corn that seem to stretch on forever, and hay rides on autumn nights. And until several years ago, one of the state's lovelier attributes was The California Girl, twenty-three-year-old Brook Benton. We say *was* because the brown-haired and brown-eyed Miss Benton is a confirmed resident booster of the Golden State.

"Dad taught English at a high school outside Des Moines," explains Brook. "When an opportunity came to teach in Los Angeles, we moved to the West Coast. And I'm really glad we did." We'll second that.

"Iowa is great when you're growing up, because there's lots of room to run around in. I was never bored as a kid because there was always something to do. We used to go to a neighbor's dairy farm and climb up and down huge stacks of hay bales and swing by a rope from one stack to another. After you reach a certain age, though, you feel like expanding your little world and seeing new things. That's why I like it here. You never feel confined. There's always someplace to go."

BENTON

BROOK

After two years at California State University, Long Beach, Brook opted for the more cosmopolitan environs of San Francisco, taking her Bachelor of Arts degree in English from San Francisco State College. "The Los Angeles area was nice—I mean the beaches, camping out in the desert, and Mexico just a two-hour drive south," says our curvaceous country gal. "But, my gosh, the pace was hectic. And because it's so spread out, it sometimes seemed you had to drive for the longest time just to take in a play or show or get to a discothèque. Here in San Francisco, everything's a cable car's ride away. Frankly, San Fancisco is just a prettier city than Los Angeles. I also like to take the Golden Gate Bridge over to Sausalito, which is a beautiful little town, and then on to Tiburon, which is situated right on the water like Sausalito. Everything here is beautiful." Brook's presence, we might add, does nothing to detract from the charm and elegance of the City by the Bay and its surroundings.

BENTON

Brook Benton
THE CALIFORNIA GIRL

BROOK BENTON

After graduation Brook went to work for a publishing firm on California Street in the Golden Gate City. Says Brook: "I'm in their advertising department. The work is really interesting and the people, both associates and clients, make the job a pleasure."

Another special pleasure of Brook's is skiing. "I've been going up to the slopes, especially Mammoth, for the past three years. And it's great, a beautiful experience. So clean and good up there. You feel free, alive, and on top of the world. But, then, I feel that way too when I get out into Napa Valley and Santa Rosa. I love the area there. I guess you can take the girl out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the girl. A cliché, yes. But that's the way I feel."

But what, we ask, does Brook do about male company on her outings to the mountains and countryside? She smiles slowly and cocks her head, thinking. "Well, I really don't have to worry about that too much. I don't have a steady date at the moment, but there are plenty of eligible San Francisco men to go around."

Our Miss Brook combines the best of both worlds. Although she assures us she enjoys the excitement of city life in San Francisco, she also looks forward to trips now and then to a friend's ranch above the city, where her horse is stabled. "I like to ride Patches out into the countryside to this little stream. I roll up my pantlegs, perch myself on a rock, and just sit and dangle my feet in the water. It sounds corny, I know, but I like it."

When asked if she had any misgivings about leaving Iowa, Brook replied, "Yes and no. Values, attitudes, and wants are basic back there. So are the people, who are also more forthright. But after living in California, San Francisco in particular, I couldn't go back. There is simply so much to do out here. Along with New York, California actually sets the pace. This is where lifestyles are born, attitudes created, and desires started, and then the rest of the country takes its cue from us. For better or for worse."

One thing for sure: a lot of men would love to take their cue from this young lady who is very much with it and very definitely a California Girl. "I miss my romps in the hay," she grins coyly, "but California is definitely my home now." Which is good news for a lot of California men.

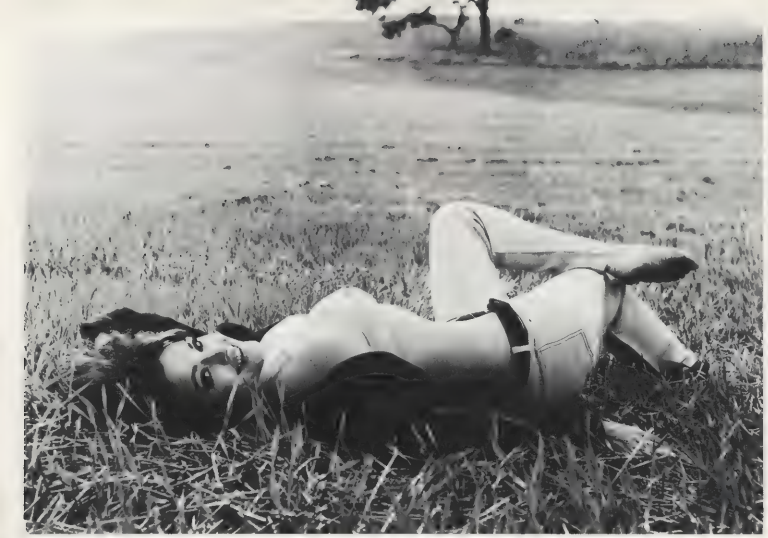
Vickie Blaine

Sweet Songbird

"Unlike many [illegible] like to travel from [illegible] to town for sin[illegible] because I get a fantastic opportunity to see some of the fabulous country along the West Coast."

Vickie Blaine is a songbird who likes to fly. Although she has an apartment in San Francisco, Vickie travels up and down the West Coast for singing engagements–and she loves the travel as well as the singing. "With all the traveling I do every year I should tire of being on the move all the time," says vivacious Vickie. "But there are so many things to see and do in California that I never get tired of it–that is, if I have some time between and during singing dates."

Born in Alexandria, Virginia, and raised in the Washington, D.C. area, Vickie came by her singing talents early in life. "I was a precocious kid," she admits. "I sang for anyone who would listen. In high school I joined every choral group I could. I knew I had singing talent and I never wanted to be anything but a singer."



After high school, Vickie joined a singing group known as the "Troubadours" and worked in small colleges, clubs, and restaurants in Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. "It was great experience for me, but I always wanted to sing alone," she adds.

Consequently, when the group broke up, our California Girl lit out on her own, first up and down the East Coast and then on to the West.

"Virginia will always be my home," confides Vickie. "There's something exciting to me about living near the nation's capital. There are so many historic sites to see up and down the Potomac: the White House, the Smithsonian, the Lincoln and Washington Monuments, and, of course, Washington's home, Mount Vernon, south of Alexandria.

"But I like the California lifestyle. I like being on the go. Besides, in California you don't have to worry about staying indoors all winter just because of the weather."

Vickie understandably likes her fast way of life, but she likes her men slow and casual. "Men who come on strong turn me off," she cautions. "I like a man who's confident enough in himself not to have to put on a false, aggressive front to impress me. Romance should be a quiet but explosive thing."

Speed, however, rules Vickie's public life. Whenever she gets the chance, our black-haired warbler wings to the nearest racetrack to watch the cars circle the oval. Vickie became interested in auto racing after she bought a sports car last year. She picked up an auto magazine to learn more about her newly acquired possession and discovered the excitement of the auto circuit.

"One of the biggest thrills of my life was visiting the Indianapolis 500 in July," she says.

HO
TRAIL70

Right now Vicki keeps busy with her singing career, waiting for the chance to sign a recording contract with a record company. "There are just too many good singers around singing the same old standards. To make it nowadays, you not only have to have a good voice and stage appeal, but you have to have fresh material for the songs that you'll sing." In that case, Vickie's definite appeal should overcome all obstacles.

CALIFORNIA GIRL OF YESTERYEAR

Welcome back, Jayne Allison. Although it's been a year since Jayne last appeared in *California Girl*, she hasn't changed much. Still sprite, vivacious, and maintaining her cheerful smile, Jayne seems to have weathered the past year in good health. "I'm still the same old beach bum of yesteryear," Jayne told us. "But I'm just a little wealthier than the last time that I appeared in *California Girl*." Jayne told us that her modeling and acting career have really gotten off the ground. In fact, we had to book Jayne for this shooting months in advance. As you can see by these photos, it's no wonder that Jayne has been successful in her film career. With her beauty, she deserves it.

"You want to shoot an apple off my WHAT???"

continued from page 19
conversation until the words they were saying began to make sense and I knew I was becoming coherent. I knew I had a lump on my skull from the painful pressure. I tried not to turn my head in a way to bring a sudden flash of pain.

The dizziness and nausea were leaving me and the cool air of the warehouse felt good, no matter how it smelled. I didn't know what kind of stupid trouble I'd gotten into and I didn't care. I just wanted to figure out a way to get out of this place long enough to hail a taxi. I could see three Chinese huddled around an old desk upon which sat a Coleman lantern. I was pretty sure I'd fall on my face if I tried to run, so I remained quiet. The sound of their conversation would often rise in tone as they argued and then fall again as they withdrew to cautious mutterings.

But one thing started to come through. A girl's name, Sylvia Chan. And it would recur just before the arguing began again. Miss Chan, it seemed, had something they wanted. Or a friend of hers did. Some time passed before I discovered the friend they were talking about was me. Sylvia Chan was the girl with the Chinese cat. And I knew damn well then that I was the boy who had best haul ass quickly. Then that Coleman lantern got up and walked toward me and I knew I was too late.

The three Chinese gentlemen stood over me. Two peered down curiously, and the third just grinned a hard, gold-toothed grin. I guessed that he would be playing the role of the tough-guy interrogator.

"We lost your girl friend, chum. But we found you, thanks to that cat. Now you tell us where we can talk to Miss Sylvia Chan and you'll be a free man in the morning."

I didn't like the phony grin much. "Which one is supposed to be the number one son," I managed.

Smiley produced a length of pipe which he slammed into my stomach. "Always a comedian," I heard him saying while I was bent over gagging. "Always a smart guy."

"I was looking for the girl to give the cat back. That's all I know." I just wanted the hell out of there fast.

One of the other goons bolo-punched me and knocked me over the bed backwards.

"... so you see," I could hear Smiley saying, "we know the dear girl didn't have time to do anything with the material, and it didn't belong to her in the first place. Chinatown is sewed up tight right now. She can't show her face on the street without us knowing about it."

I had managed to sit on the bed once more, and the pain had at least served to clear my head. The happy trio had stepped back from me, to estimate the damage I suppose. I heard a low growling somewhere and tried to place the sound. I held my head in my hands as if trying to regain my equilibrium and searched the expanse of the floor. I spotted a large German shepherd. It's nose was pointed toward the ceiling and it was prancing nervously in a semi-circle, growling. I looked up and would have laughed if I hadn't been so absorbed in fear.

"Now you can see the sense of cooperation," my grinning friend was saying. "All we want to do is have a rational discussion with Sylvia Chan. You can even be present, if you wish ..."

I was only half listening. I was looking up over the head of the nervous shepherd. Perched on a ledge about twelve feet over its head was the Chinese cat. It was puffed up like a large brown beachball and silently hissing at its tormentor. It looked mad enough to try taking a chunk out of the dog at any moment.

I bent over, putting my head between my legs. At the same time my hand clutched a chunk of brick that had fallen to the floor, nothing large enough to do a man any damage. "And I'd always heard you fellas were inscrutable," I said. Smiley came for me with the pipe again, but I catapulted myself off the bed and my shoulder took him in the stomach as the lead pipe arced over my head. He went down in a ball. I took a fraction of a second to aim and then hurled the piece of brick at the Chinese cat. It hit the wall behind, ricocheted, and hit the Burmese a good one in the ass. The cat screeched like a banshee and

came down fast, using the dog to break its fall and tearing a few tufts out at the same time.

Fortunately, both animals shot our way like a choo-choo train, making a hell of a racket. The overgrown cat used Smiley's face for another spring board just as he was trying to regain his feet, and the German shepherd followed the act. The other two just tried to get the hell out of the way, and I was running like hell for the front door of the place. I was panting like crazy but it all felt like slow motion and I expected to be shot at any moment.

I looked over my shoulder just before I hit the door and saw that the Chinese cat had almost caught up with me, and the dog wasn't far behind.

My hosts were cursing and bumping into each other trying to get after us, and Smiley was groping for something inside his jacket.

Then I was out the door like a shot, and the Chinese cat was right with me. I was giddy with relief, until two giant Chinese grabbed me like a sack of potatoes and threw me into the back seat of a waiting car, where I landed right next to Sylvia Chan, and I felt the cat bumping against my legs. The car pulled away fast and Sylvia put a hand over my mouth just as I was about to start shouting. It kept me quiet long enough for her to start looking after my cuts and bruises. Somehow I remained quiet while she dabbed the blood away from my face.

Up at her delicately artistic apartment she had me strip, save for a large bathroom towel, while she did a thorough job of patching me up while she explained.

Until recently she had been married to an assistant district attorney, who had been something of an idealist. For years the people of the Chinatown section had been exploited, blocks of votes juggled because a minority that was still essentially clannish was easy to manipulate. By sheer use of money a minority of the Chinese population controlled the majority. People who not only did little for them, but kept them in a state of regression.

Through her husband, Sylvia became involved in the politics of Chinatown, until, at the time of his death, she was as passionate as he about ousting an element that had traditionally corrupted various segments of the population.

This time she and her friends had obtained photos of so-called prominent community leaders taking money from well-known criminal elements. These had been microfilmed, and she was about to turn them over to political friends who would bring them before the public. It was then she realized she was about to be taken at any moment.

She had ducked into the bar and secreted the film in the cat's collar, passing Chinese Cat to me in case she was caught before she could reach help. She got away, but we'd been seen talking. And I seemed like the next best thing to the three who grabbed me and who, in turn, were taken care of by the bunch of giants that had ushered me into the car.

By this time Sylvia had laid soft hands on my person for much, much too long. I pulled her down gently and she flowed over me with her knowing body. Far into the morning hours she was all silk thighs and caramel breasts and the scent of lotus blossoms. For one long night she was tender and maddening and loving and the fulfillment of everything she had looked like when I first saw her.

In the next day's sunlight we spoke haltingly, touching each other lightly over coffee. There was simply no room in our lives for anything that could be called "us". She had a total commitment to a community, and I lived a couple of eons away.

I was gone before evening and I never saw her again. She never really left me, because no day passes that I don't think of her.

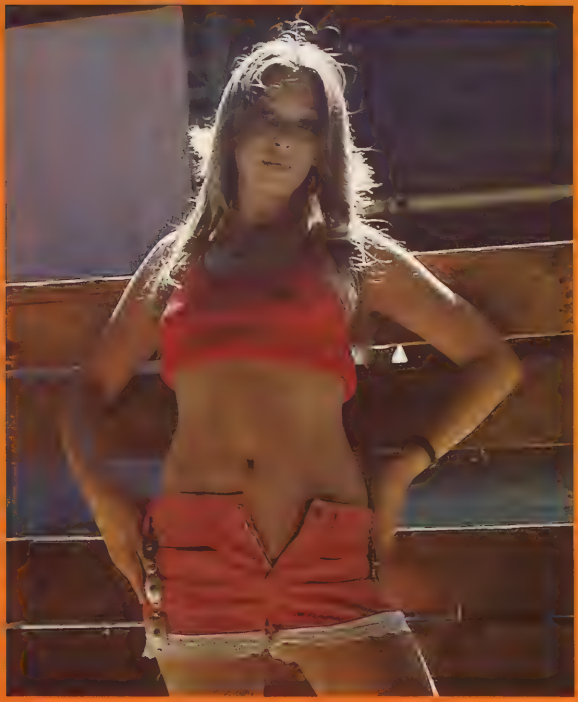
I guess the thing that really keeps me stable though is having the Chinese cat around all those times when I think I really should be giving my wife a one-way ticket back to her mother's.

Yeah, she gave me the Chinese cat. To tell the truth, I asked for it. We'd developed sort of an understanding by then, that cat and I, and I didn't want to forget what had happened, any of it. So now, when I get good and miffed around the house, the cat picks up my mood right away. Big as he is, the Chinese cat can't very well do much about my wife, but he does streak away like a shot until he finds and kicks hell out of that meatball of a Himalayan. Which drives both mistress and her overfed muff into the back bedroom to sulk and console each other.

Which leaves me to watch TV quietly with the Chinese cat stretched out beside me, close to a bottle of Jack Daniels. Which leaves me to remember.

THIS MONTH'S CALIFORNIA CO-ED

Pam Kirk combines a flair for art with a flair for adventure



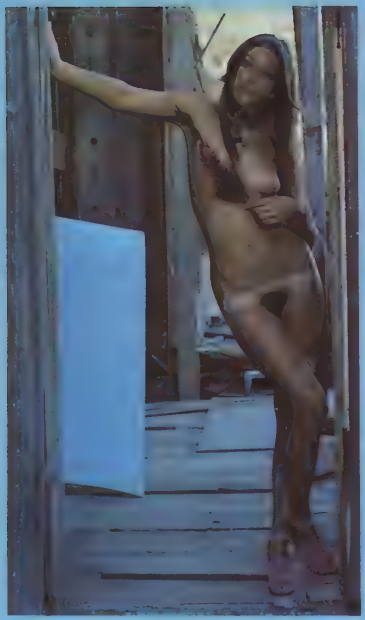
For most people, "do-it-yourself" is a part-time session in futility. But for Pam Kirk, this month's California Co-ed, it's her life's credo—and anything but futile. Our comely artisan explains it this way: "I simply love to make things with my hands." Ahem. But Pam continues, "I mean I like making jewelry and handicrafts instead of just walking into a store and buying them. The world's full of mass-produced goods and all of them have a mass-produced look." A liberal arts major at California State University, San Jose, Pam not only enjoys handicrafts, but she restores old furniture, makes her own pottery, and makes most of her own clothes. "It's my method of self-expression," she says.

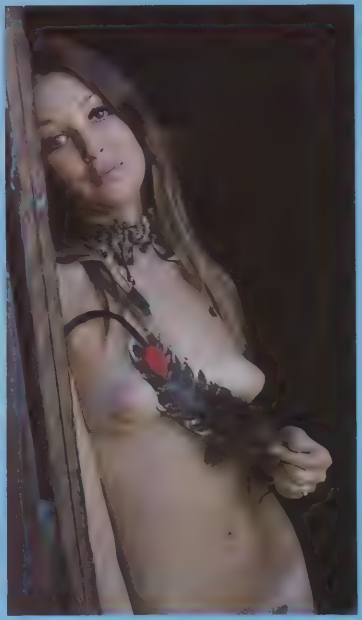
"When you create something with your own hands it comes to mean more than simply something you picked off the shelf."

Born and raised in Mountain View, California, just north of San Jose, Pam came by her artistic bent from her mother, who taught art at nearby Stanford University. "My mother impressed upon me the fact that when you create something with your own hands it comes to mean more to you than simply something you picked off the shelf. And many hand-made things are the stuff of which heirlooms are made."

Pam took as many art courses as she could in high school and, after graduating, she decided to put her ability to work by joining a commune in Oregon. "It was interesting," she recalls, "because we made everything by ourselves, including our houses, our food, and our own clothing. We even ground our own wheat to make bread." Pam contends, though, that the sharing did not spill over into her private life. "Well, except for a few times, it didn't," she adds quickly.

The call of civilization beckoned our twenty-year-old miss, however, and she switched the communal life for the campus life the following year. How does she like the role of college student? "I really like it," says Pam, "especially because I live on campus in a co-ed dormitory. So I have no trouble at all finding men." With Pam's physical handiwork, she would have no trouble finding men anywhere.





Pam Kirk: San Jose State's Spartan Deluxe

"I was definitely surprised when I found out I had been chosen as the California Co-ed," bubbles pert Pam. "I had never done any modeling before, especially any nude modeling. But it was fun. And you definitely get to meet a lot of interesting people.

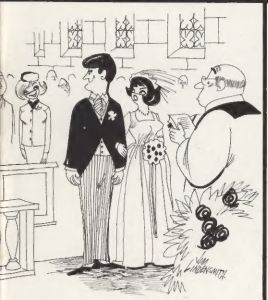
"Posing in the nude doesn't bother me at all, if it's done with some class. After all, the human body is a work of art, too. And I believe photography should be recognized someday as an art form as much as sculpture or painting."

Living in the Bay area has its advantages for a gal whose academic life revolves around art. "There are many art shows and museums in the area," she says. "San Francisco, especially, has a great deal of things to see and do. It's a fabulous city to visit and browse around in. I like to go down to Fisherman's Wharf or take the trolley car to Ghirardelli Square and go through all the shops there. And the Cannery a few blocks away is just full of handicraft stores."

Pam intends getting her Bachelor of Arts degree next year and then perhaps doing some graduate work in fine arts at Stanford. Whatever she plans to study, though, we're sure Pam wouldn't mind if we studied her. She's a work of art herself.

WEST COAST CUT UPS

"Just because I'll come to a resort like this with you, Mr. Mayer, doesn't mean I'll resort to anything with you!"



"Harry, must you!"

"Sorry for the intrusion, but your wife changed her mind!"

"A bunch of young men just mistook me for our teen-aged daughter and, darling, I'm afraid there are a few things our Marcia hasn't told us!"

CALIFORNIA NIGHT AND DAY

A Hollywood actor, last year, applied to the May Co. in Los Angeles for a charge account. They turned him down, explaining that the high unemployment rate in television and movies made him a bad credit risk. The other day his housekeeper needed some cleaning supplies and was headed down to the May Co. "Here's some money," he offered. "No, I don't need it, "How'd you get a charge account?" The housekeeper said, "Easy. I told them I worked for you."

The California State Senate, among other things, repealed a 100-year-old prohibition against importing Chinese and Japanese women for prostitution . . . exempted hot nuts and popcorn from the sales tax and designated the dog face butterfly as the official California state insect.

Bob Hope (on NBC): "Did you read about all those gangsters being rubbed out in New York? What Paramount won't do to promote a picture! They're doing 'The Godfather' live there for the people who can't afford the three dollars. It's very dangerous in New York. They're now making St. Christopher medals that cover your entire chest. The streets are so unsafe, muggers are asking for police protection. You can see families in New York saying, 'I'm going to take the dog out, cover me!' Anybody who goes to an Italian restaurant and sits by the window is a tourist. In New York, if someone comes up to you in a restaurant and kisses you, you're gonna get it. It's the same in Hollywood . . . Everybody is trying to copy the picture. Disney has one coming out called, 'The God Duck.'

A California divorce court granted Mrs. Hortense Byrell her freedom after hearing that her husband forced her to cut cards to decide whether she slept with him or on the couch while he tucked up between the sheets with their 20-year-old au-pair girl. (Toronto *Globe and Mail,* Canada)

There's a marvelous warning on a modern home in Benedict Canyon promising, "TRESPASSERS WILL BE VIOLATED.'' (Art Seidenbaum, Los Angeles *Times*)

WE GET LETTERS

KUDOS FOR CLAIRE

Editor:

I just finished reading your current issue of *California Girl* and you have again come up with a good issue. There is one girl in there who really caught my attention. She is the last one, Claire Kallen. She has a face that reminded me of a girl I liked a long time ago, and an extremely sexy figure, all put together in a very appealing package. Your photographer did a great job in photographing this girl.

Alan Caldwell
Albany, Calif.

ALASKA PIPELINE

Editor:

I was writing regarding your magazine. I think it is very fine.

I was wondering if I could get hold of your No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3 issues of *California Girl.* I have the rest of them.

M. Gross
Anchorage, Alaska

P.S. Do you have subscriptions?

(Look on page 12 of this issue–the editors.)

WHERE'S JOHN'S ISSUE?

Editor:

Please send me a copy of *California Girl* No. 5, as my copy was stolen.

John E. Maines, III
New Orleans, La.

P.S. That was your best issue!

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Editor:

Please send me the first three issues of *California Girl* so I can complete my collection. Thanks. *California Girl* is a terrific magazine!

Richard J. Byrd
Waltham, Mass.

MARVELOUS MARIE

Editor:

I just picked up a copy of *California Girl* and it's an excellent magazine. I don't usually write to magazines, but I wanted to congratulate you on your selection of Marie Fanelli. All the girls in your fine magazine are good-looking chicks, but Marie Fanelli has both the face and the body. I look forward to more like Marie Fanelli in future issues of *California Girl.* Keep up the good work!

Jim Struthers
Chicago, Ill.

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McCOY